© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

VENOM #1

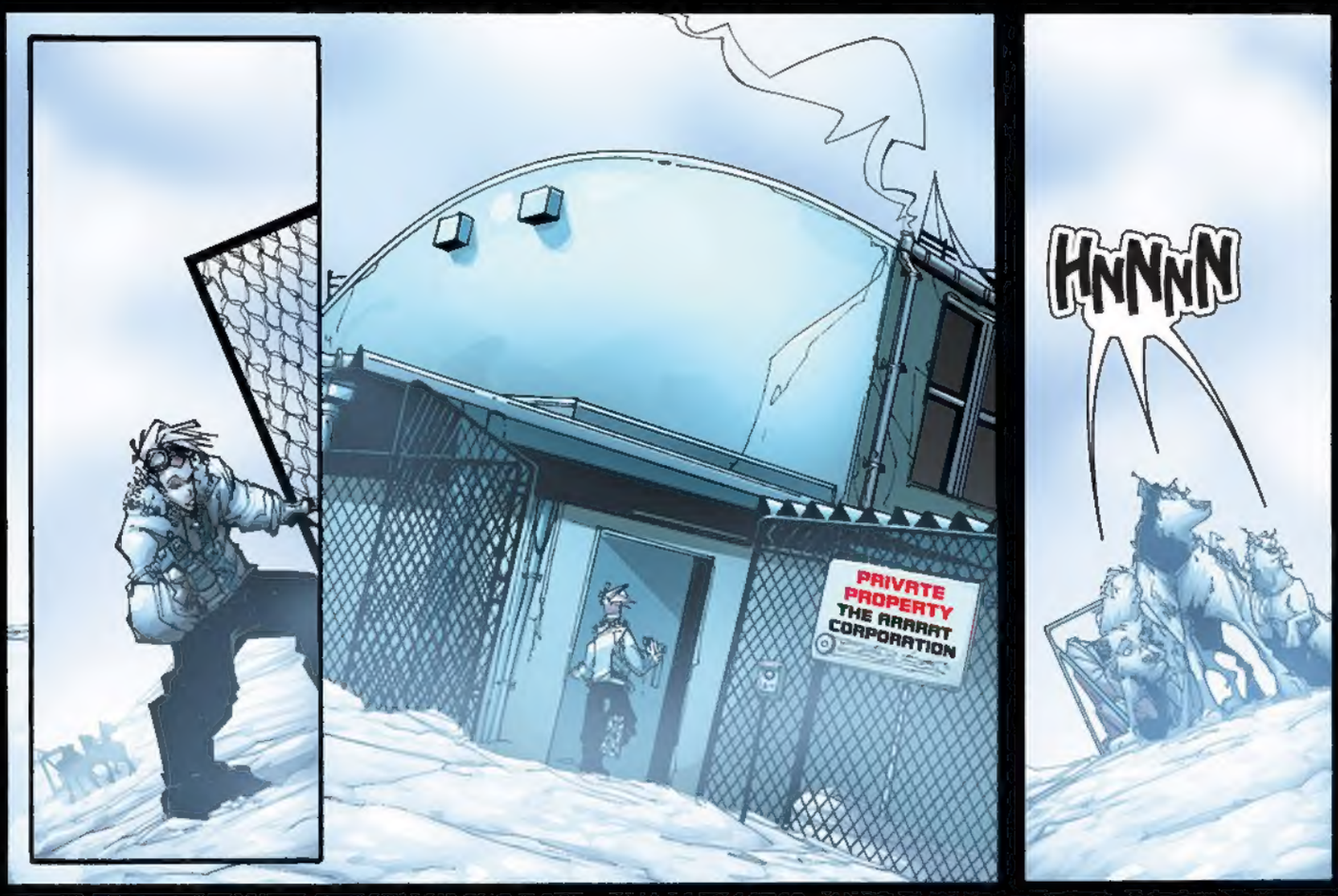
© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

NORTHERN CANADA:
THIRTY MILES NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
Believe it or not, I wanted to come here.
I'm a communications specialist in the United States Army. I've been a soldier for six years.
And in all that time, I've never gotten into so much as a *heated argument.*
I thought the army would give me confidence, help me conquer my fears. All it gave me was a chair and a headset.
I came here to prove something to myself. Unfortunately, it looks like I'm going to have to prove it to my fellow soldiers first.
PRIVATE PROPERTY
I don't mind. I can take it.
Because I'm more than just a pretty face.
BZZT!
Hey--it's *Robertson...* from the *radar station.*
I brought your *movies* back.
Y'got any *more?*
And I can do a lot more than just *run errands.*

C'mon...
... c'mon...
Oh, that's just *perfect*... a storm.
This just keeps getting *better*.
BZZT
Yo! Kinda *brisk* out here...
HNNNN
Take it easy, Ivan...they're just holdin' out to see if I brought any *booze*.
KRKT
?
H-help...

Oh, God... please...
...please help me.

Ninety-nine to base-- I think we got a... a situation over here at the civilian lab site, over!
Krt! Krkt! Get-- ffffssshhh!
--ifer Lopez-- krkt!
Typical...
Okay, Robertson-- you came here to prove something...
ZZZAPP!
KA CHAK!
... so go prove something.


PRIVATE PROPERTY
THE ARRRRT CORPORATION
HNNNN

Ssshhhh...
... it's gonna be okay.

It's gonna be *Juuuuust* fine.
What the--?
What the heck's all this *black stuff*?
CREEEK

RRARF!
=Glk!=
Dammit, Ivan!
Don't... don't do that!
I'm nervous enough already... I don't need you makin' it...
...worse--

GYAAAAHH!
Ah! Ah!
AAAAAAHHHHH-Whoop!
OhmyGod...
OhmyGod...
What the hell happened...
... here--?
GYAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Screw this!
Huh... huh...
Go, dammit! Go!
Please...
Save... me...

Hello?
WHUMP!
U.S. Army-- come on out!
Anyone in here?
Here...
How 'bout you come to me, instead?

Hello?
All right... I'm comin' in.
Any sudden moves, I start shootin'... *understand?*
Dining Area
REEEEEEEK!
Oh, my G--

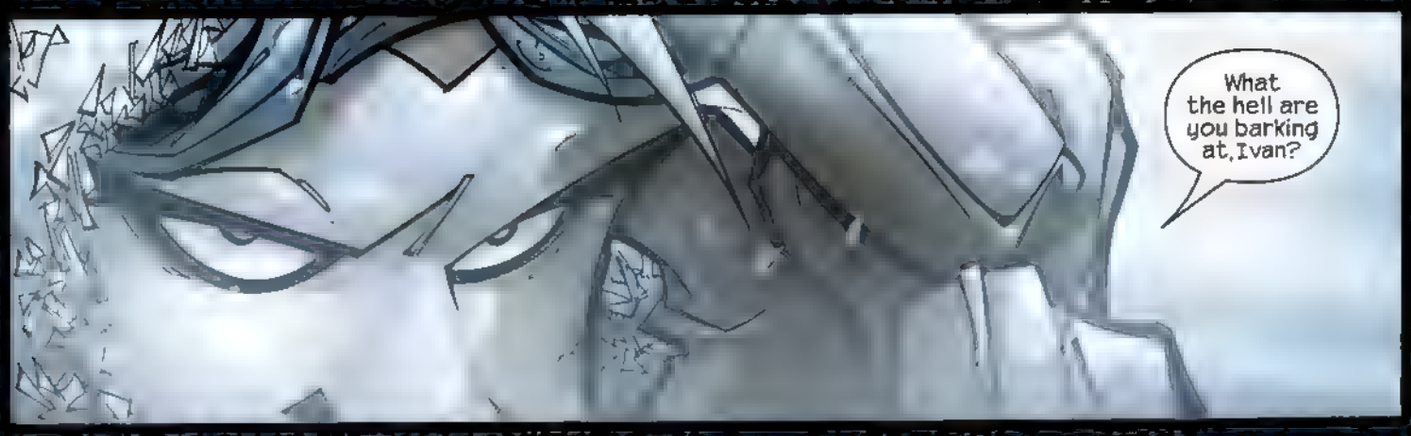
HMURRGH!

THUMP!
Wha-?
Whoever you are... come out with your hands up. I'm not playin' around here...
WHUMP!
HAH!
Wrong move, buddy...
...I got you--
nyaaaAAAAHHHH!

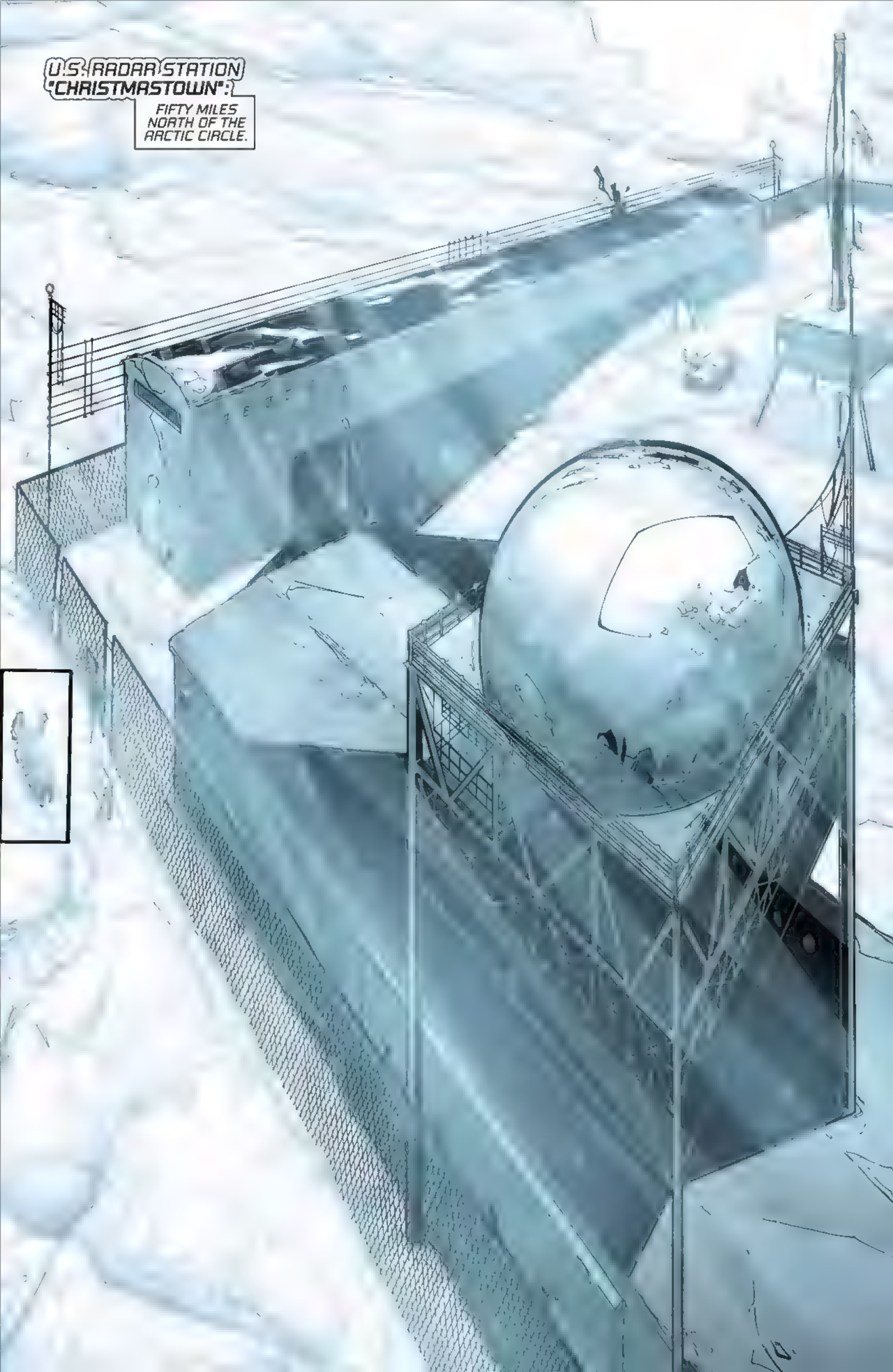
Is--
Is--
Is it... gone?
THUMP!
Is *what* gone?

Huff...
Huff...
Phew!
All right, boys...
Let's get the hell outta here.
Mush!
Uh, hello...?
That means go!
GRRRRR...
RRUFF! RRRRUFF!

RRUFF!


What the hell are you barking at, Ivan?

As if I haven't been freaked out enough already...
Move!
SWAP!


U.S. RADAR STATION "CHRISTMASTOWN":
FIFTY MILES NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Hey-- relax, Ivan.
Been actin' weird ever since we left the lab...
GRRR...
Ivan-- I said stop it!
Ungh! C'mon, buddy... let's get you inside.
GRRRRRRLLL!
Colonel Malone!
You're not gonna... believe this...
What... no movies?

Jackson, Delacroix... get this civilian squared away.
Robertson? I believe there's something you'd like to tell me...?
They're all dead, sir... all of them.
Okay...
Let's try this again, soldier.
From the top...
Chilango
FRIGOLERO

What's the story back there, Jackson? How's our boy doing?
Hypothermic, shocky-- he's breathin', but he ain't really *here*, dig? Like a freakin' *zombie*...
Gotta love that bedside manner. What about you, Robertson? *You* okay?
Robertson?
Yeah... I'm okay.
Really?
'Cause you don't *look* okay.
They were... they were *mangled*, Sir.
Thrown around like... like *broken toys*.
Yeah, well...
...that's what polar bears'll *do*.
Polar bears?

That's what it sounds like to me.
Me, too. Ask Saunders about it.
Ask you about what?
Happened to a buddy of mine stationed at an ice-cap out in Greenland-- damn bear wandered into the motor bay and ended up cornered.
Way he told it, there were five armed men, locked an' loaded, ready to handle business-- but when that thing stood up... shoot, they just got the hell outta the way and waited for it to leave on its own.
Somethin' that big an' that strong-- cornered, scared-- if you're standin' between it an' the door... well...
The Arctic is a dangerous place, Robertson... the stakes are a lot higher up here. You can pretty much break every living thing down to two groups: those that eat...
...and those that get eaten.

Yeah... I can see that.
That makes sense.
Well... almost.
You sure our boy over there was the only survivor?
As sure as I can be-- why?
Because if this guy was barricaded in the kitchen, half-frozen and barely able to speak, let alone move...
As soon as he starts speaking, I know what he's gonna say.
...who the hell were you talkin' to on the intercom?
And I think that I may have just made a very, very bad mistake.
Colonel! Get in here, quick!

What the hell's *wrong* with this guy?
Looks like he's havin' some kinda seizure...
HLK!
I take that back-- I *definitely* made a very, very bad mistake.
GLLLKK!
I shouldn't have brought this man here.
I shouldn't be here.
GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

EMPIRE